

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
*Caliente*.COM

# HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Words and Music by  
DON FELDER, DON HENLEY  
and GLENN FREY

**Moderate Rock beat**

**Tacet**

*mp legato*

Bm

F#

On a dark des - ert high - way,  
Her mind is Tif - fa - ny twist - ed.

cool wind in my  
She got the Mer - ce - des

*mf*



hair, Benz. warm smell of co - li - tas —  
She got a lot of pret - ty, pret - ty boys —



ris - ing up through the air. — Up a - head in the  
that she calls friends. — How they dance in the



dis - tance, I saw a shim - mer - ing light.  
court - yard; sweet sum - mer sweat.



My head grew heav - y and my sight grew dim; —  
Some grew dance to re - mem - ber;




I had to stop for the night. —  
some dance to for — get. —

There she stood in the  
So I called up the

door - way;  
cap - tain:

I heard the mis - sion bell. —  
"Please bring me my wine." He said,

0 A 0

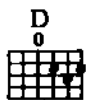
And I was think - ing to my - self: — this could be  
"We have - n't had that spir - it here — since

0 E 00

heav - en and this could be hell. —  
nine - teen six - ty - nine." —

Then she lit up a  
And still those

0 G x000



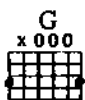
can - dle,  
voic-es are call - ing from

and she showed me the way.  
far a - way;



There were voic-es down the cor - ri - dor;—  
wake you up in the mid-dle of the night

I thought I heard them  
just to hear them



say:— "Wel - come\_ to the Ho - tel Cal - i - for-  
say:— "Wel - come\_ to the Ho - tel Cal - i - for-



nia.  
nia.

Such a love - ly place,— (such a  
Such a love - ly place,— (such a

Bm



love - ly place - ) such a love - ly face. —  
 love - ly place - ) such a love - ly face. —

G



They Plen - ty of room - at the Ho - tel Cal - i - for -  
 liv - in' it up - at the Ho - tel Cal - i - for -

D



Em



nia. An - y time - of year, — (an - y  
 nia. What a nice - sur - prise; — (what a

1. F#



time - of year - ) you can find - it here. —  
 nice - sur - prise - ) bring your

2. F#



Bm



al - i - bis."

Mir - rors on the  
Last thing I re -ceil - ing,  
mem - ber, I wasthe pink cham - pagne on  
run - ning for theice, and she said,  
door,"We are all just  
I had to find thepris - on - ers here  
pas - sage back to theof our own de - vice."  
place I was be - fore.



And in the mas - ter's — cham - bers, —  
 "Re - lax," said the night man. "We are



they gath - ered for the feast.  
 pro - gramed to re - ceive.



They stab it — with their steel - y knives, — but they  
 You can check out an - y time you like, — but



1. 2.

*D. C. and fade*

just can't — kill the beast. leave."  
 you can nev - er